

Summary

The party run into [Megara](#) who teleports them half-a-day's journey south of their destination.

Southern Outskirts, Chuddli Forest

- Weather Check: Spring, 74 - Clear Skies

The hot air from yesterday threatens to lurk into the next before the clear skies of the night rapid drop the temperature and the morning begins a characteristically cool for spring. Quietly and efficiently, the three break camp and make their way back towards the road.

****Q:**** :: Is there an encounter? ****A:**** :: Yes, the foliage suddenly becomes lush and thick in this area. It is a little out of place, and seems to have sprung up unnaturally, as if the result of some kind of natural magic.

Malvan slows his pace, until the other two catch up. In whispers, they ask "What is it? Trouble?" He nods in response but points ahead to a growth across the road.

"That shouldn't be here, I was just here less than an eleventday and it was a clear road..." Malvan's voice trails off.

"What, the plants?" Quinn asks confused.

"Yes. I'm telling you, the road meeting up with the north east path to Tardy had nothing like this."

"Give me a moment." Leshanna says, closes her eyes and stretching out her hand.

****Leshanna**** uses Detect Magic (Arcana, Trained). 27. :: ***Primal Restoration*** ****Q:**** :: Is there a conjuration or magical zone present? (A certainty, +7) ****A:**** :: Yes, and: Escape, Break, Singing

"Its some sort of restorative enchantment, fairly powerful." The growth grows towards the three.

"Uh... did anyone else just see it grow closer?" Quinn asks. Leshanna looks at him bewildered before Malvan agrees.

"We can cut either west or east, but I'd advise going through it." Leshanna says flatly.

"West," Malvan responds in kind.

The three start walking west as the growth grows further down the road, seemingly in a burst every few seconds.

"We might want to go a bit south too..." Quinn says uneasy, "...And there's another problem, it doesn't stand out as much in the wood as it does on the road.."

"I can still sense it and should be able to guide us around it. Malvan, keep track of how far we stray from the road."

"Got it."

"Does anyone else hear the singing, or am I just going crazy now?" Quinn asks.

"No.. I hear it too..."

"Agreed.."

"Great... now what?"

"Let me think.." Leshanna pauses and closes her eyes, trying to recall information about the forest. Quinn, shaking off his nerves gets a similar idea.

****Quinn**** uses History (Knowledge). 25. :: Master tier ****Leshanna**** uses Arcana (Monster Knowledge). 15. :: Name, type, keywords,

"If memory serves, that's a dryad singing, and it'd explain the powerful nature magic at work," Leshanna says.

"We've also been tracking the growth of the forest southward at an increasing rate, far beyond what we'd normally expect, over the past couple of decades," Quinn adds.

"So where does that put us?" Malvan asks, "I mean we could go directly east until we hit the other road, and go around, but that'd add at least a day to the trip, if not more. So, we know what's causing it, what do we do? fight it? run from it? parley with it?" His voice gets less confident with each question. Quinn and Leshanna share a look.

"Well, that is an interesting point. We've done no harm to the forest, we might be able to explain our purpose and be granted safe passage." Leshanna replies, "I mean, I do share a kin-ship with the forest and dryads as a Fae-elf..."

Quinn looks to Leshanna, "I mean, it's your call, you'd be the one doing most, if not all of the talking..."

"I think we're out of time," Malvan says with an outstretched hand, pointing at a beautiful fae-elf walking towards them as the singing grows louder. Leshanna takes a deep breath and looks to the other two, "Don't reach for your weapons unless it is absolutely clear we have no choice. We might not even win this if it comes to that... So, let's not give any reason for hostility, shall we?"

Quinn forces himself to fight his urge to have his hand on his sword and Malvan shifts uncomfortably before taking a few deep breaths. He notes the smell of sweet flowers that wasn't there before.

"Hail sacred guardian of the glade, we do not seek to trespass unwarranted." Leshanna calls out. The dryad stops, stares for a moment, the beautiful singing stopping.

"Then why are you here?"

Dryad weariness factor: 3

"We seek an old monastery. There are rumors of goblins using it as their raiding camp, we desire nothing more than to see if it is true, and expunge them if so."

Leshanna Diplomacy: 21.

Dryad weariness decreases by 1.

"That maybe true, but you are still trespassing on a sacred glade."

"Forgive us, for if we knew so, we wouldn't. Our history mentions nothing of the glade, and so we have mistakenly stepped where we shouldn't." Quinn quickly undoes his belt, letting his sword and shuriken pouch drop to the ground and holds his hands up. Malvan quickly follows suit, first dropping his quiver then unslinging and tossing his bow gently to the ground.

Leshanna Diplomacy: 21.

Dryad weariness decreases by 1.

"Your companions discard their weapons but you do not, why?"

"Because we share a kindred spirit, we are both of the fae. I know that you will not attack unprovoked, just as I will not. We have done nothing but tell the truth to your ears."

Dryad Insight: 24.

The dryad pauses for a moment, thinking about the words Leshanna has said.

"I will grant you safe passage on one condition: bring me the heads of these goblins who dare defile the grove."

In elvish, Quinn pipes up, "Forgive my intrusion, but we only have a few traveler's word that there may be goblins, we don't know for sure. What if we don't find any?"

Quinn Diplomacy: 14.

Dryad weariness remains unchanged.

The dryad snaps to look at Quinn, he eases a bit as he speaks in moderately decent fae-elvish. "We will deal with it upon your return. If you have been as truthful as you claim, then you have no cause for concern."

Leshanna looks back at Quinn, then Malvan who then takes his turn to speak, "Oh beautiful protector, if I may, my companions are unsure of this monastery's existence, is there aught you can tell us about it? The quicker we find it, the quicker we will no longer be in your grove."

Malvan Diplomacy: 23.

Dryad weariness decreases by 1, she is now neutral with the party.

The dryad looks to Leshanna before looking back to Malvan, "You would be wise to ask your fae companion the dangers of asking favors of the fae." She inhales and exhales deeply, a fresh wave of floral scent washing over the party. "I can do better than tell, but you will have to pay the kindness in kind."

Malvan looks between Quinn and Leshanna, "Well? I mean, the fewer days in the grove the better from where I stand." He shifts nervously.

Leshanna sighs and thinks for a moment before turning back to the dryad, "What would it be that you would ask of us?"

She smiles politely, "tell their people this road belongs to the forest now. They may still have the other path, but the northwest belongs to the grove."

"We can relay your message, but cannot promise that all will heed the warning."

"The warning is sufficient, the fools will be fools."

Quinn looks between his companions, "Well, the only others I know of on this fork besides us are nothing but trouble, so I think it might be a fair trade.."

Leshanna sighs, "Tannyll is not going to like this, but then again, we now know why the forest has been growing so much." She looks back to Malvan before the dryad, "Very well, I, Leshanna Wynwarin, pledge to follow our end of the bargain. What is yours?"

"I will take you to your obsidian monastery, the glade need not be disturbed. Grab your weapons, lest you leave them behind." She addresses Quinn and Malvan. The two quickly resecure their arms before stepping forward, up to Leshanna. The dryad gestures to a tree near the three of them, and suddenly the bark folds in on itself creating a hole glowing with brilliant primal energy. "This tree will take you half a day away from your destination. Head due north, that is, unless you'd like to be closer."

"Half-a-day journey is more than kind enough," Leshanna quickly cuts in, "Oh.. we didn't catch your name protector?"

Leshanna Diplomacy: 21.

Dryad weariness decreases by 1.

"Megara," she smiles, "go quickly, the portal will not stay open for long. And remember, the grove is watching carefully." Quinn and Malvan quickly follow in Leshanna's brisk footsteps, nodding to the dryad before touching the tree and being sucked into darkness. A few moments later, their vision clears, and they find themselves in a completely different wood. The tree they have laid their hands on seems to be the only healthy one in sight.

Deep, Chuddli Forest

The three quickly fan out and search their surroundings for a few moments before regrouping. "Well, that's quite handy." Quinn says in an upbeat tone.

"I just hope the Readings of Zaban will be more pleased with what we find than what we promised," Leshanna says neutrally.

"What? tell people not to travel an old road that is really only used by bandits and the like?" Malvan cuts in

"Worse is if the monastery is of interest other than an old worn down building, we just denied any further travel to it for the foreseeable future."

"Well, we'll just have to make sure we leave no secret behind then," Quinn responds with a smile. "Also, did I hear that right? obsidian monastery?"

"You did. Isn't that what Aenbulf said?"

"Right.. he was saying..it was made of slate obsidian not native to the region and that it was constructed at a great place of power in celebration to someone he doesn't remember the name of."

Leshanna looks around, "the state of the grove here has me worried about that last bit. Look, everything else is in some state of decay or already dead."

"Then we best not stay long."

The other two nod before resuming their traveling formation, with Malvan up front and Quinn and Leshanna flanking. Malvan pauses for a moment, looking around, as if he's being watched but doesn't see anything out of the ordinary. He tries to shake it off, but the feeling persists and he grumbles to himself for a moment before the three continue onwards.